

# **The Better Denbrough**

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## The Better Denbrough by PiccoloFiore

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**Summary:**

Out of all Bill's friends, Richie was Georgie's favourite. He was funny, nice, and just flat out awesome.

That was, until Bill brought home a new friend who Georgie learned was named Stan.

Prompt from @trashmouthloser on tumblr

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## **The Better Denbrough**

Out of all Bill's friends, Richie was Georgie's favourite. He was funny, nice, and just flat out awesome.

That was, until Bill brought home a new friend who Georgie learned was named Stan.

The first time Georgie met Stan, he was awestruck. That was the moment that little eleven year old Georgie fell head over heels for seventeen year old Stanley.

Stan and Bill had been sitting in the living area, both chatting amongst themselves, and Georgie was subtly trying to insert himself in the room without drawing attention to himself, too nervous to bring himself to speak with Stanley.

However, his plan didn't work very well because as soon as he sat on the rocking chair near the couch, Stan is saying his name.

Georgie can feel his cheeks warming, turning to face the older male nervously.

"So Georgie, how was school today?" Stan asked, and he sounded genuinely interested. It made Bill's heart soar to think that.

"Uuuuh...yes?" Georgie said slowly, narrowing his eyes. He mentally facepalmed, disappointed in his eleven year old self for not even being able to form proper sentences.

Bill gave his younger brother a look, raising an eyebrow in confusion. Georgie never got like this. Bill always thought he was destined to be a writer like him, so seeing him like this - at a loss for words - confused him a lot.

Stan, however, seemed amused by the younger Denbrough's attempt at an answer. "Yeah? Sounds good." He responded teasingly.

Georgie never thought he'd come up with an excuse to leave the room faster than he did just then.

Stan just laughed, watching Georgie dash from the room while

yelling something about his homework.

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The next time Bill brought Stan over, Georgie was ready. Mrs Denbrough helped him prepare cookies

(They're for Billy for being such a good brother)

for Stan and only Stan. Bill be danged.

When they arrived, Georgie carried a cooling cookie to Stanley on a paper napkin.

"Wh-Where's mine?" Bill asked, chuckling softly. Georgie blanked. He hadn't thought this far. He blurted the first thing that came to his mind.

"There's none left!"

He quickly left the room in embarrassment and shame, hoping that Bill would not go in and check the fridge, where he had the rest of the cookies hidden away.

Stanley giggled, holding the cookie carefully on one hand, almost examining it. He eventually glanced over at Bill, before breaking it in half to pass one side to him. "He's a real charmer. Just like his older brother."

Bill rose an eyebrow, leaning into the couch as he took a bite. He said nothing in response however, and the subject was dropped.

Until Georgie came back out with a question.

"Hey, uh, Stanley?" He asked, voice wavering slightly. Stan was shocked that Georgie actually initiated a conversation, leaning forward and placing his elbows on his knees in interest. Bill found this amusing.

"Yes?" He asked pleasantly.

"So, um, my school is having this stupid dance... Will you go with me?" Georgie was a blushing mess by the end of his question, looking

down as he fiddled with something in his hands, which Bill could identify as his stuffed turtle.

Stan, however, was grinning. He remembered when Bill had asked him out for the first time, how he got just like this, all awkward and nervous, stutter seeming to increase tenfold. It was adorable then, and it was definately adorable now.

"I'd love to, Georgie." He told him. As soon as the words processed in the younger boys head, his eyes widened and his head shot up.

"Thank you!" He chirped, before running back into his room.

Bill huffed a bit as Georgie left, turning his head to Stan with a raised eyebrow.

Stan just smiled, adjusting the collar of his shirt.

"It seh-seems to me that you l-like Georgie more than me." Bill said after a moment, and the very slight jealous undertones made Stan snicker.

"Bill Denbrough, are you jealous of your little brother?" He asked mockingly, nudging the lanky boy beside him.

Bill swatted his hands away, rolling his eyes. "You wuh-wish," was all he responded with.

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On the night of the dance, Mrs Denbrough was helping Georgie into his little suit, combing his hair delicately with an admiring smile on her face.

"You remind me so much of your father." She told him, helping him with the little bowtie on his neck. She had become a pro at tying those things since she lived with three men.

Georgie absolutely beamed. He felt like he could conquer the world at that moment, pulling his shoes on before marching out to the living room where he knew Stanley was waiting.

What he saw in the living room made him feel less like a king and more like a squire.

Stan was kissing Bill, dressed in his own blue suit and tie, and he seemed happy.

Georgie disappeared from the living room until Stan called for him, completely heartbroken and embarrassed but not saying anything about it.

The dance, in Stan's opinion, was cute and fun. He met Georgie's friends, who seemed in awe that Georgie had brought someone other than Bill - who he had brought for the past two years in a row.

Stan wouldn't deny that he could tell something was bothering Georgie, and made a mental note to ask him about it afterwards.

About two hours had passed until everyone began to file out, and Stan had a protective hold on Georgie's hand as he led him to the car.

Once they were both inside, Stan turned his body as much as he could to face him before speaking in the most gentle voice he could, "what's been going on, George?"

Georgie felt a bit giddy at that use of his name, and his cheeks were bright red, but he reminded himself what he had seen a few hours prior, and crossed his legs. In moments, his mouth was moving faster than he could think, and he blurted out;

"Do you love Bill?"

Stan seemed a bit taken aback by the sudden question. Was this what had been bothering Georgie all night?

He brushed a few stray curls off of his face and took a deep breath, before speaking.

"Yeah I do."

Georgie pouted, eyebrows furrowing. "But I'm the better Denbrough!"

Stanley could not stop laughing the entire ride home.